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No. 1.

Reconstruction Review.

The Voice of the Carpet Bagger.

"If I say I will not speak any more
then there is in mine heart a burning
fire and I am weary with forbearing
and I cannot keep silent."

Address:

No. 2939 Princeton Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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RECONSTRUCTION REVIEW.

The Voice of the Carpet Bagger.

"I sing the hymn of the vanquished, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overborne in the strife,
Not the jubilant song of the victors for whom the resounding
acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet
of fame,
But the hymn of the low, and the humble, the weary and
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desper-
ate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away.
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who
stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded,
alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure and all but their
faith overthrown."

Address: No. 2939 Princeton Ave., Chicago, Illinois

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INTRODUCTION.

This is the first number of a series which the author intends to publish. It may be either an annual or a quarterly or a monthly, as the support given shall permit. The friends of Equal Rights—the American people who love Justice and hate lawless cruelty are earnestly called to help. All who feel that the horrible brutality of mobs is a disgrace to our country, all who would have the innocent protected and the guilty lawfully punished are called to the great conflict of Right against Wrong.

We are told that the memory of the evil days when Ku Klux and White Leaguers extinguished the free governments of the Reconstructed States in blood, should not be revived; that the past must not be recalled. But these advocates of oblivion of those lawless deeds make no protest when southern orators and organs exultingly boast of the achievements by which their party gained control.

The *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, a leading organ of the Southern Democracy, on October 8th of the present year said: "It is clear to every intelligent observer that the direction and manipulation of the Republican party in the Southern States during the last thirty-five years has been one of the scarlet infamies of American politics. The record of the Republican party in the South since 1868, blazed as it has been by the subversion of every law of right and decency." "It is no exaggeration to state that no people were ever so cruelly subjected to the rule of ignorant, vicious and criminal classes as were the southern people in the awful days of reconstruction."

"It is both wise and right that the new generation should keep that splendid though terrible picture vividly in mind, not for purposes of revenge, but as an object lesson which knaves and charlatans may read with terror."

That is the way the South forgets the past. The meaning of the last words is plain. It is a threat that whenever Republicans anywhere in the South attempt to exercise the rights of American citizens with prospect of success at the polls, the bloody methods of the White League will be revived to strike them with terror.

The author is prepared to prove that most of the charges made against Carpet-Baggers were false; that most of the men thus stigmatized were soldiers and officers who served in the Union army during the war with untarnished records. That they went South with abundant capital, and were financially ruined, many of them before the Reconstruction acts were adopted by Congress, and then took part in the great political struggle, moved thereto by the same unselfish, patriotic impulse which years before prompted them to enlist in their country's service.

He is prepared to show that southern witnesses made no attempt to prove the truth of the slanders invented for the purpose

of discrediting the Republican leaders, but depended upon repeated assertions instead of proof.

If the friends of Truth and Right give us sufficient support to pay the actual cost of publication, the series of pamphlets will be continued.

All readers who can furnish information of the events of the Reconstruction period or of the lynchings now occurring in the South, are requested to write.

The facts stated in this work are found chiefly in official reports published by Congress, the results of investigations by committees sent South to learn the truth. The volume entitled, "Riots in New Orleans, 1866. Report No. 16. Second Session, 39th Congress."

Also report of committee that investigated the election of 1875 in Mississippi, and of the two committees that investigated the election of 1876 in the states of South Carolina and Louisiana.

The incidents of the New Orleans riot in 1900 are taken from the leading dailies of that city published at the time.

The author is anxious to avoid exaggeration and to write only the truth.



The Voice of the Carpet Bagger.

The men called Carpet Baggers were brave soldiers or gallant officers of the Union army who went South immediately after the end of the war. They took with them abundant capital and engaged in legitimate business enterprises.

During the period of two years when Johnson's policy prevailed, they were financially ruined by the hostility of the former rebels. About the time that they found themselves bankrupt by the systematic persecution to which they were exposed, the congressional scheme of Reconstruction was developed, and these loyal men attempted the tremendous task of Reconstruction. Without their help no state south of Virginia and Tennessee could have been organized under a loyal government. For this patriotic service they were blasted by the vilest slander that baffled traitors could invent, their reward was the contempt of friends, the distrust of comrades, and in many cases death by the hand of the assassin. And after that their names were blackened and their memory made infamous by the lies of their murderers. The work they so bravely wrought has been destroyed and the gigantic power for evil is now advancing step by step in its lawless march to victory.

BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.

Most people have been made to believe that the ill-will of the South was caused by the Carpet Baggers, whose misgovernment exasperated the white men of that section. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Read the proof:

In June, 1866, a congressional committee, appointed several months before, made a report on the existing conditions in the South. They said:

"The evidence of an intense hostility to the Federal union * * * is decisive. The bitterness and defiance exhibited towards the United States under such circumstances is without a parallel in the history of the world.

"Officers of the Union army on duty, and Northern men who go South to engage in business, are generally detested and proscribed. Southern men who adhered to the Union are bitterly hated and relentlessly persecuted."

In December, 1866, a committee appointed by the House of Representatives took testimony in Louisiana.

Rufus K. Cutler, who had lived in and near New Orleans twenty-two years, was a witness. He had been judge of a local court and United States senator-elect. He testified that:

"In the city of New Orleans many societies have been formed by the rebels, such as the society among merchants not to employ a clerk except he be of rebel sentiments; a society among clerks not to be employed by any but rebel employers, and among steam-boat captains and pilots not to be employed by any but rebels. These societies are formed in every department of business in the city of New Orleans."

Hon. R. K. Howell, then a judge in the highest court of the state, and had been district judge before the war, testified: "The feeling of enmity against the government and against Southern loyalists is, if possible, more intense than it was during the war."

Mr. Nat Paige was another witness. He said: "I went to New Orleans with Gen. Banks, when he took command of the department there, in the capacity of correspondent of the New York Tribune. I was at that time intimate with many of the officers, having been engaged with the army from the commencement of the war and coming in contact with all the leading citizens there. After the close of the war, from the time of Lee's surrender until the change of policy by Mr. Johnson—as it is called—or rather the time he commenced pardoning leading rebels, the sentiment was very favorable indeed. Northern men were not persecuted in any way. I traveled very extensively in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, on business, and I met with no annoyance or persecution, until the leaders had been pardoned, the large, wealthy planters, and those who had been leaders in the rebellion. After they had been pardoned and their plantations had gone back to them, then they commenced agitating political questions of state organization, etc. From that very moment Northern men began to be oppressed and annoyed excessively by the commencement of suits against them in the state courts, especially those who had been engaged in planting during the war on those plantations, which, in large numbers, had been in possession of the government and were leased by its agents. I think there was a concerted movement upon the part of the leading politicians of Louisiana and Alabama to drive out from the business of planting, all Northern men who had been there, and, not only that, but from all business avocations in New Orleans, for many Northern men had gone there upon the arrival of Gen. Banks, and had established large mercantile houses.

"They made no distinction between the Southern Yankee, as they termed him, and the Northern Yankee. They were all classed together as enemies of the Southern cause.

"I think it is almost impossible now" (Jan., 1867), continued Mr. Paige, "for Northern men to prosecute business successfully. It has been growing worse continually and is growing worse to-day. They are oppressed in every way. Parties who leased plantations there from private individuals, or from the government, have had suits brought against them in the courts for damages to the plantation, while they were lessees, many of them of the United States, and their plantations under the control of the military authorities,

suits of from \$20,000 to \$80,000 and \$100,000, against the lessees. There is scarcely a lessee who has not had one or more of these suits brought against him."

Mr. Paige explained that the lessees and the owners, being residents of the same state, the defendants could not appeal to the national courts, and there was no hope of justice from Southern tribunals. Many of those abandoned plantations were owned by prominent rebels, who, on receiving a pardon from President Johnson, commenced suits instantly against the lessees for the crops they had taken off during the war, and for the loss of personal property, stock and agricultural implements. And that system of oppression has been extended to those who leased from loyal owners and from those whose plantations were not seized."

Mr. Paige left the South before the close of the year 1866, and his examination before the committee was in the city of Washington. He added: "Many of the Northern men have already abandoned their enterprises and of those who remain nine-tenths would leave at once if they were not sustained by the hope that Congress would promptly enact laws for the protection of loyal men in the South."

Such was the condition of Union men in the South before the reconstruction acts were passed.

Col. Henry N. Frisbie was another witness. After leaving the army at the end of the war he engaged in planting in Rapides parish, Louisiana. In answer to a question as to the feeling towards Union men, he answered:

"It is very hostile towards army officers and those persons known and recognized in the community as Union men. I have had nothing to do with politics in any way, shape or manner." He explained that the hostile feeling was manifested: "By threats, by arrests, frivolous suits, by attempts to decoy and draw off my hands, by false stories and in almost every conceivable way wherein a community united, could and did try to break up, ruin and drive out a man.

"I went up there with a very large force of hands, some four hundred who had belonged to my regiment. I took with me a very large amount of capital, not less than (\$250,000) a quarter of a million of dollars. I let everything alone that would interfere with my success in planting. I cultivated five of the largest plantations in the parish, successfully, made a crop, but the jealousy and hatred of those people have compelled me to abandon everything.

"I established a store there and stocked it with over \$50,000 worth of goods. I erected a very large gin and other buildings." This was a man from Illinois who had served as captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Thirty-seventh Regiment from that state before he took command of the Ninety-second United States Colored Regiment in Louisiana. Be it noted that not the slightest attempt was made by the Democratic witnesses to contradict or impeach

his statements. And observe, also, that his experience was all included in the year 1866. There was then a white man's government in the state. Neither negro voter nor Carpet Bagger had the least political power or influence.

EXPERIENCES OF A YANKEE LUMBERMAN.

Capt. A— of New England, after three years' service, was mustered out at New Orleans in 1864. He was familiar with the lumber business before he enlisted and seeing the opportunities for success in that line, he sent for his family and set to work. Along the northern shore of Lake Pontchartrain were vast tracts of wooded land, abounding with valuable timber, and sloops navigating that sheet of water came by means of the canals to the very heart of the city. Capt. A. invested \$30,000 in the enterprise. His mill was soon running, his yard filled with good lumber and the business was vigorously prosecuted. From the first he prospered, for he possessed every requisite for success—sufficient capital, a thorough knowledge of the business, and the skill, energy and perseverance which his people seldom lack. His prosperity continued and increased, until the war ended. But soon after the return of peace, when he expected an enlarged trade and an extension of business to follow the removal of the restrictions upon intercourse with the interior, he found, instead, a strange and sudden blight. Orders for lumber fell off unaccountably; owners of the sailing craft on the lake began to demand unreasonable rates for freight; his white employes left him without any apparent cause, and in a few weeks his business was so crippled that it no longer paid expenses. At first he could not understand it. A silent, irresistible power had laid its invisible curse upon his enterprise. He soon found that his friends in all the various pursuits and occupations of business life, were in a like manner smitten by the blighting influence, which, like the evil eye of the old-time fable, made all human skill and energy of no avail. The secret cause became apparent, when those Northern men reflected that the return of the rebel soldiers to the city and the strange decay of business were almost simultaneous. And whispers of midnight gatherings, and of secret signs and abalistic words, dimly seen or faintly heard by loyal men in certain quarters of the city began to be understood, while they waited dily for the customers who formerly sought their doors in crowds well pleased and friendly. But now they came no more, for men and mow to the waiting merchant paced up and down, not far away, and people who seemed inclined to enter, warned by some slight sign or unintelligible word, hesitated, looked about and passed on.

Reflecting on the subject, Capt. A. recalled to mind that New Orleans had been a center of disloyalty in the early days of the rebellion, a hot-bed of treason. He therefore concluded that prejudice and intolerance were naturally greater and fiercer there than

in remote rural districts. He knew that vast tracts of splendid forest extended along the Red river and its many branches; so he determined to go into that region and continue his efforts. He sold his property in the city and vicinity at a loss and set out on his new venture. A locality was soon found combining every natural advantage, affording facilities beyond anything he ever saw in his old Northern home:

Immense forests of pine and cypress stretching along tranquil streams and deep bayous, rivers never closed by ice, their navigation seldom interrupted by lack of water, unbroken communication by steam and sail with the greatest city of the gulf coast and with the boundless plains of Texas. Yet these dense forests of the most valuable timber on the continent, thus easy of access and convenient to the best markets in the world, could be bought at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1 per acre.

FOLLOWED INTO THE WILDERNESS.

Encouraged by the prospect, he brought heavy machinery, boilers and engines, and in spite of enormous difficulties, lack of roads and bridges in the swamps, the work was done. All obstacles were conquered and his mill, giving employment either directly or indirectly to a hundred men, was soon running. Up to that time he met with no opposition. The people of the vicinity, mostly poor country farmers, seemed pleased to have him come among them. They understood that his enterprise was a benefit to them, making a market for many things their little farms produced and which could not before be sold at any price. But even in that remote region the influence of the secret league made its way, and just as success seemed certain and the captain was writing to his distant friends that all was well, the change began. The chiefs of the conspiracy in the city had by that time extended the order over the whole state. They waited until the intruding Yankee had invested his money in permanent improvement and then—as it had been in the city so it was in the country—an invisible, irresistible power, enveloped him and his business and his friends.

But its methods were somewhat changed. As he shipped his lumber to distant markets, the secret order could not drive off the purchasers as in the city. First a bridge, which he had built over a deep, muddy stream, and across which his teams daily brought scores of huge cypress logs, was burned at night. Some of the neighbors said it was accidental; others said the "niggers" did it. Then his mules strangely escaped from the yard on a dark, stormy night, and only a part of them could be found after an expensive search. Then the colored men at work for him, cutting pine logs in the hills, were threatened by armed whites and shot at till they were frightened away. Along with these annoyances came vexatious legal proceedings, by which the captain was compelled to go to the court-house town, more than twenty miles away, to answer the

charge. But no prosecutor appeared, or else the case was abandoned or withdrawn. The charges were always for minor offenses, trespass, or enticing a negro from his employer, or hiring one who had left a former employer, and were always utterly baseless. As soon as the captain was again at home, trying by exhausting efforts to make up for lost time, another writ or summons would be served by which he was forced to leave his work and spend one or two days in court, only to find the case abandoned or postponed.

And when he again returned to his mill it was to find some new vexation awaiting him--loss of stock, negroes driven from their work or their cabins, white men leaving his service without visible cause or warning. Steamers bringing his freight from the city made the most inaccountable mistakes, left it at the wrong landing or failed to bring it at all. Rafts of logs and lumber, floating down the river to market, were wrecked on snags or bars, which never caused loss to others.

AND FINALLY RUINED.

Such was the welcome he received from the people whose country he wished to improve and in which he had made his home. Finally, in just one year from the commencement of his enterprise he was reduced to the necessity of selling his watch to pay the passage of himself and family back to the city, where he landed in absolute poverty. Not one dollar remained of the \$30,000 with which he so hopefully entered into business in 1861. In all this time he had taken no part in polities. There was no Republican party in the state, the legislature was composed of old citizens, most of whom had been active rebels. There was then no voting negro, nor office-seeking carpetbagger to rouse the indignation of the South.

All the loyal men who were witnesses before that committee testified that this intense hatred existed in the South. General Conway of the Freedmen's Bureau; Hon. Hugh Kennedy, mayor of New Orleans from March, 1865, to March, 1866; John Burke, chief of police during Kennedy's administration, and Governor Wells, all affirmed the same.

And it may be observed that not one of the Democrats called as witnesses, by a committee of eminent citizens appointed for that purpose, attempted to impeach them or deny the facts they stated.

It was in evidence that all the Union men were dismissed from the police of New Orleans early in 1866, and all the Union teachers removed from the public schools. All this array of proof shows that it was not "Carpet Bag and Nigger" rule that embittered the people of the South against the North.

All this was before the Reconstruction acts were passed by Congress, before any negro in the South could vote, or any Northern man could be elected to office.

LONGSTREET'S EXPERIENCE.

When the war ended, no man in the Southern army stood higher than Longstreet, except General Lee. His popularity was unbounded. And he was respected by all who knew him in the North. General Grant requested President Johnson to pardon him in November, 1865. Johnson refused, but Congress at its next session removed his political disabilities. General Longstreet thus describes his experience as to Reconstruction:

"In January, 1866, I engaged in business in New Orleans with the Owens Brothers, old soldiers of the Washington Artillery, as cotton factors, and speedily found fair prosperity. Before the year was out I was asked to take position in an insurance company.* * I accepted the place with a salary of five thousand dollars, and my affairs were more than prosperous until I was asked an opinion upon the political crisis of 1867.

"President Johnson after the war adopted a reconstruction policy of his own and some of the states were reorganized under it with Democratic governors, and legislatures, and all would have followed. But Congress being largely Republican, was not satisfied and enacted that the states could not be accepted unless they provided in their new constitutions for negro suffrage. One of the city papers of New Orleans called upon the generals of Confederate service to advise the people of the course they should pursue—naming the officers."

On June 3, 1867, General Longstreet wrote to J. M. G. Parker a very moderate statement of his views. He thought the South should accept the Reconstruction plan of Congress—as it was the best they could do, and give it a fair trial, trusting that Congress would make such changes as experience might show to be needed. The general continues:

"The afternoon of the day upon which my letter was published, the paper that had called for advice published a column of editorial, calling me a *traitor!* *deserter* of my friends, and accused me of joining the enemy, but did not publish a line of the letter upon which it based the charges. Other papers of the Democracy took up the garbled representations of this journal and spread it broadcast, not even giving the letter upon which they based their evil attacks upon me.

"The day after the announcement, old comrades passed me on the street without speaking. Business began to grow dull * * and in a few weeks I found myself at leisure."

Of all his old comrades only one, General Hood, continued to visit him. Ladies refused to ride in the same car with him, and he found himself an outcast in the land of his birth. This incident alone is enough to show the savage, malignant temper of the South before the first of the Reconstructed governments was organized. Nearly two years after this occurred, General Grant, having be-

come president, appointed Longstreet surveyor of customs for the port of New Orleans.

Immediately the Southern malignants asserted that Longstreet had sold his honor for an office and a systematic effort was made to blacken his reputation as a soldier, and make the world believe he had failed to do his duty when a general in the Confederate army.

THE AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN—WHAT HE DON'T KNOW.

No man is fit to make laws for a great nation, like ours, and help shape its policy and direct its destiny, unless he is familiar with history. Especially familiar with the political history of the nation for which he assumes to legislate. It is an astounding fact that many, we might even say the most of our congressmen are ignorant of the very subject which they should understand most thoroughly.

At the end of the war, which saved the Union from disruption, began the most important period in our national history.

After two years of uncertainty, the Reconstruction Acts were adopted by Congress—in March, 1867. Under those acts the states that had waged war against the Union were reorganized.

But in April, 1877, the last of all those reconstructed governments were swept away and the Faction which divided the Union in 1861, and fought desperately for secession, again resumed undisputed sway over all the vast region that sixteen years before lay under the Rebel flag. That period—that single decade in which this double transformation was wrought, is the most important in our history. The work of Reconstruction began in 1867 was delayed by the persistent opposition of the white people. If they had taken the advice of General Longstreet—had accepted the conditions honestly, neither negroes nor Carpet Baggers could have found place in the new governments. All the important positions would have been filled by competent Southern men. In many cases they were urged to accept nominations, but almost to a man refused. If they had shown a willingness to treat the negroes with fairness and justice, they might have controlled the whole policy of the new South.

But the laws that had been enacted by the legislatures elected under Johnson's scheme, made the emancipated negroes mere serfs. Mississippi forbid them to own land—and they were not allowed to rent land for cultivation. Louisiana made it impossible for a negro to leave, even for an hour, the plantation on which he worked without a written permit. And he was subject to arrest if he set foot on any white man's land in his walk, unless the owner's permission was previously obtained. Everywhere in the South he was hedged about with intolerable legal restrictions. Is it strange that the negro welcomed the men of the North who believed in liberty, justice and Equal Rights? The moment the Reconstructed govern-

ments were formed, the work of destruction was begun by the malignant enemies of freedom. From every Democratic press—from every Democratic speaker—a torrent of slander burst forth and continued day after day till their object was attained.

The work of murder was begun even before the first election in the Reconstructed states and nothing but the presence of the United States soldiers made it possible to have an election.

The statesmen at Washington failed to understand the conditions, and struggling Republicans who formed the new governments received but slight assistance from the Nation. They and the entire people of the North were half paralyzed by the flood of Southern lies—they hesitated and finally allowed the former rebels to work their will and destroy the only free governments ever known in the South. Congress looked tamely on while the revolution was in progress and thousands of citizens were brutally slaughtered by political assassins. While

"Wrath and Hate
And sordid selfishness and cruel lust
Leagued their base bands to crush out Light and Truth."

The revolution was thus accomplished, not by open, honorable war, but by secret conspiracies, assassinations, midnight raids, murders, fraud, perjury, by every crime that ever blackened the annals of the world.

And it is this important period of our history of which Mr. Average is grossly ignorant. He has never spent a single hour in its study. To him the story of those ten eventful years is a sealed book. More than fifty volumes of evidence taken by congressional committees during that wonderful period are lying in the national capital. He knows nothing of them. Scores of reports written by the most distinguished statesmen—leaders in our national councils who helped to guide the ship of state through the storm of war, the statesmen who gathered around Lincoln and Grant—are there at his hand, but he has never seen them.

Those reports set forth most plainly the true condition of the South at that time, and recount the horrid crimes committed to gain power.

Ask Mr. Average Congressman about Reconstruction and he will reply in the flippant style of his tribe: "Oh, that is ancient history! All is well now. It was a mistake to make the negroes citizens. Adventurers rushed down South and by misleading the colored voters got themselves elected to office. They were after the money and robbed the unfortunate people for their own benefit. It was this horde of unprincipled wretches made all the trouble. They openly boasted that whenever the whites killed a few negroes it helped them to carry the election. They kept the South in constant turmoil till the Better Element—the Respectable citizens sent them home. Since then peace and quiet prevails. The South is

prosperous, we are now a reunited people. All is well. Let us forget the past and think of the future."

All is well? When nearly a million of American citizens are deprived of the most sacred rights of Free men? All well, when men and women are lynched almost daily without the slightest proof of guilt; when human beings are burned alive—without trial—with the slightest opportunity for defence. It will never be well till all such "Average Congressmen" are retired to the obscurity in which such shameful ignorance should be buried.

BARBEROUS, BRUTAL, DISGUSTING.

On several occasions when Southern papers have described the burning alive of a negro, they also told how the spectators scrambled for fragments of the mutilated body, many of the fragments cut from the living victim after he is chained to the stake and while the flames are kindling around him. Ears, toes, fingers are among the trophies thus secured and highly prized by the chivalry! Half burned bones raked from the bloody ashes, and pieces of scorched human flesh are carried away and proudly shown in the streets of Southern cities.

When Samuel Haze was burned on Sunday, April 23, 1900, a leading journal of Atlanta, Ga., described "The eagerness with which the people grabbed after souvenirs. They almost fought over the ashes of the dead criminal. Large pieces of his flesh were carried away, and persons were seen walking through the streets carrying bones in their hands. When all the larger bones, together with the flesh had been carried away by the early comers, others scraped in the ashes, etc." *What a picture of refinement!* How it must impress the world with astonishment and wonder as the "High standard of Southern civilization," is thus displayed, and illustrated by this object lesson on a Christian Sabbath within a few miles of the capital of Georgia. Early that day the news spread through Atlanta that a negro would be burned at Newnan. A special excursion train was promptly engaged to take people to the show. "All aboard for the burning—special train to Newnan," was the cry of the promoters of the excursion. And the cars were soon filled. After this train moved out another was made up to accommodate those people *who had been at church*. In this way some 2,000 citizens of Atlanta were conveyed to the burning. Among them were many prominent leading men, not one of whom protested against this most horrible murder of an American citizen, without trial, without proof of his guilt. And his disjointed members, his fire-blackened bones and his half-roasted flesh was borne far and wide in the hands of the superior race into the refined christian homes of Georgia! What could be more shameful, what more loathsome? And be it noted that the story of this brutality and loathsome savagery is not told by outsiders, but published

in the papers which approve and encourage the horrible scenes they describe.

A COMPARISON.

The parish of Ouachita (Washitaw), Louisiana, was under Republican rule eight years, from 1868 to the end of 1876. During that time several Republicans were murdered because they were Republicans. But no case of lynching occurred or was attempted in all those years. At the beginning of 1877, the Democrats regained control; from that time every official was an old citizen, a white Democrat. In the next period of eight years, eleven men were lynched—two white and nine colored. These lynchings occurred at intervals, one in 1877, four in 1878, one in 1879, two in 1881, and three in 1884. These were for common crimes, having no connection with politics whatever. Here we have the singular fact that during the whole period of Radical government—when our enemies asserted that corrupt, incompetent officers filled every position, the “Better Element,” “The Oldest and Best,” did not find it needful to lynch anybody or even attempt to lynch, yet when all political power was in the hands of this same “Better Element,” a resort to mob law was necessary. Who will explain?

“IS IT WELL THAT AN OLD AGE IS OUT AND TIME TO BEGIN A NEW?”

In the period of ten years ending with the year 1900, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, more than 1,600 American citizens were lynched. Not one of all that number had a legal trial. Not one of them was proved guilty of any crime. They were suspected or accused, and then murdered by mobs. Fifteen of them were deliberately burned alive.

Our nation stands before the world at the beginning of the twentieth century stained with this horrid record! All Christendom may well point fingers of scorn and cry in the words of the Hebrew prophet:

“O, NATION THAT HATH NO SHAME.”

And the disgraceful stain grows broader and darker as every month of the new century adds to the number of these monstrous crimes.

In the eight months of this new century ending August 31, fully one hundred persons were lynched—three of them burned at the stake.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

This issue of the Carpet Bagger is an experiment. It may prove to be only:

“A cry of shipwreck on a shoreless sea.”

A voice speaking for the Right and against the Wrong, but speaking in vain. It may be a voice overborne by the howling of brutal mobs. A voice crying for justice, but silenced by the shouts of lawless lynchers, who in their turn shall be silenced by the roar of battle which will follow if the American people permit the fast growing evil to continue.

The blood of the victims shed by the crowds of murderers whose feet haste to do evil will not always sink in the ground unavenged, but its appeal will rise to the Judge of all the earth and the day of Recompense will surely come at last.

But our experiment may succeed. The feeble voice may wax stronger and stronger till the American people give heed and crush the horrible monster whom Southern assassins fatten upon the blood of the innocent.

FALSE WITNESSES—ASSERTION.

The people of the North have believed Southern assertion without proof—without asking for proof. They have believed the vilest slanders against their own comrades who went South after the war. Malignant rebels who called Lincoln a “Tyrant,” “A Nero,” were believed when they traduced the loyal men who supported Lincoln. The Southerner who called Grant “A drunken Butcher” was believed when he cursed Grant’s brave soldiers who sought to make homes in the region over which they upheld the national flag.

Such credulity is unaccountable, yet it existed in the Reconstruction period, and exists to-day.

Why the man who asserted that Jeff Davis was a nobler character than Lincoln, should be implicitly believed when he said our comrades were penniless adventurers, unworthy to live among the Southern chivalry whom they had defeated in battle, is a question not yet answered.

None of the monstrous charges made against Carpet Baggers were ever proved. Who ever saw any proof? Open any volume of the reports of congressional committees—and those volumes number more than fifty—and what do we find? Assertions, page after page of assertions—and scarcely a line of proof.

The witnesses whose sworn statements fill thousands of pages were lawyers, judges, editors, doctors, planters. All honorable men. “The Better Element,” “The Intelligence of the South,” “The Chivalry.”

Here is a sample: A judge in East Feliciana, Louisiana, the Hon. Thomas B. Lyons, was a witness in 1871. He gave the congressional committee the Democratic version of the political troubles in his parish. He said the trouble began in June, 1875—that the White League Clubs were organized at that time.

Please remember the date, June, 1875. Some of his friends,

prominent citizens, said it was "mid-summer of 1815" they organized.

Judge Lyons said: "To make as short a story as possible, there has been very great mal-administration in the affairs of the parish ever since 1868. We have had officers who were incompetent and venal, especially magistrates, justices of the peace, who had criminal jurisdiction, to make arrests in all cases, and who had civil jurisdiction up to the amount of one hundred dollars. They were *generally men of gross ignorance and venality* and they exercised their offices with *great oppression and extortion*. The whole government of the parish was bad in the extreme. People began to lose confidence and respect for the government. They lost respect for every kind of government because of the management of our affairs. The district courts failed more than half the time to be held according to law.

It was almost possible to be acquitted of any crime for the paltry costs—the district attorney's fees included.

Numerous instances have *come under my observation where for fifteen dollars, payment of the district attorney's fees, the most heinous crimes were not prosessed.*

That continued for years. The prosperity of the parish waned—declined. People lost all respect for the law and spoke of it with contempt and held a great many of the legal officers in contempt. "The parish court was presided over for four years by men utterly incompetent. One was a foreigner who had recently come to the country, another was *a man who had been a blacksmith.*"

"He was an honest man, but utterly incompetent to fill the office. The criminals went unpunished and people began to think that the only way in the world to protect their property was to do it with *the strong arm of force.*"

Such was the stump speech made by Judge Lyons from the witness stand. A wild harangue, in which not a single fact is mentioned. He did not cite a single instance of incompetence or of fraud—did not name a single criminal who escaped punishment. When asked as to names and dates, he said:

"The first parish judge we had was Boedecker, a German, elected in 1868, for two years. He was an intelligent man. A man of education. He spoke our language, but with an accent."

That was all this wordy witness could say against the first Republican judge.

The next was L. N. Pitkin, a white lawyer of Southern birth. In answer to questions, Judge Lyons said:

"I can't say he was incompetent. He was a lawyer and did very well."

After him came Hughes, the man who had been a blacksmith.

"An honest man," Lyons said, "but not cultivated by education."

Hughes died, and the unexpired term was filled by Hon. J. G.

Kilbourne, a Democrat appointed by the Republican governor, Kellogg. He served from June, 1874, to the end of the year. Judge Lyons approved him as:

“A lawyer. Perfectly competent.”

Then the witness continued:

“I was elected in 1874, and succeeded Kilbourne,” and he filled the bench two full years, 1875 and 1876. Now compare the assertions in his direct testimony with the facts extorted by cross-examination:

“Our parish court was presided over for *four years* by men utterly incompetent.”

Yet all he could urge against Boedecker was that “he spoke our language with an accent.”

“He was intelligent. Educated,” but he had an accent;

Then Pitkin served two years, a native-born white man, acknowledged by Lyons to be competent.

After him came the man who had been a blacksmith. Judge Lyons, an aristocratic contemner of labor, thought that was enough. He was a blacksmith, not a gentleman, and former slave-owner. But he admitted Hughes was an honest man, and he failed to mention any act or ruling of his while on the bench which showed him unfit for the position.

When Hughes died, a Democrat, “perfectly competent,” was appointed. This was in *June*, 1874. When Judge Kilbourne retired, the witness, Thomas B. Lyons, was installed, having gained his election in that strong Republican parish by the aid of the colored voters.

He presided two years, or until the end of 1876. Where do we find the four years of utterly incompetent judges? Remember that the “Strong Arm of Force” first appeared in June, 1875, or “mid-summer” of that year, as some Democratic friends of Judge Lyons expressed it, when perfectly competent Democrats, Kilbourne and Lyons, had presided a full year.

Was it not somewhat late for the “Strong Arm of Force” to begin the work of reform with the shotgun? Take another assertion:

“Numerous instances have come under my observation where for fifteen dollars, payment of district attorney’s fees, the most heinous crimes were *nol-prossed*.

When asked to name the officials who did this he said:

“Mr. Fisk, *I am told*, practiced it. I am satisfied that Mr. De Lee practiced it.”

He had sworn that “numerous instances” came “under my observation.” Yet could not mention a single case—could only say he had been told of one and was satisfied as to another! That Mr. Fisk, of whom he had been told, went out of office at the end of the year 1872, and De Lee was a white Democrat, as Lyons reluctantly admitted. Further questions forced him to confess that A. E. Reed, a white Democrat, was then district attorney and had been for

nearly four years from his appointment, in 1873. Reed had filled that position more than two years before "The Strong Arm of Force" began its campaign of murder. But Lyons said of Reed: "I do not make any charges against him."

De Lee, whom he had accused, was Reed's assistant! Look at another assertion:

"We have had officers who were incompetent and venal, justices of the peace * * * generally men of gross ignorance and venality and they exercised their office with great oppression and extortion."

To illustrate this matter, he repeated a long tale about a colored justice—Jefferson—who imprisoned negroes in an old shop and extorted money without warrant of law. But Lyons omitted to mention the date of these enormities. He was asked when those things happened, and he haltingly replied:

"That was a good while ago. That was along in the beginning of his official existence. It was a good long while ago. I think it has been six or seven years, anyhow."

Another question brought out the fact that Jefferson had been prosecuted for his official misconduct, convicted and punished! "He was fined and imprisoned," Judge Lyons said. And this was the only case he gave to show that the justices were generally venal, oppressive and extortionate.

Observe his attempt to mislead when he said: "It was along in the beginning of his official existence," thus implying that he was still in office, whereas the judge knew that this same Jefferson was then serving out a two years' term in prison for larceny of which he was convicted after his punishment for illegal acts when justice of the peace.

We now present a brief and truthful account of the events in East Feliciana, by which the Republican majority had been extinguished in 1876:

"THE STRONG ARM OF FORCE."

HOW IT PROTECTED THE WHITE MAN'S PROPERTY.

East Feliciana, a large and populous parish of Louisiana, lies on the line which divides that state from Mississippi. It was one of the Republican strongholds, and previous to 1875 had suffered less from political troubles than most of the other Republican communities in the Creole state. In 1868, when the horrible massacres of Bosier, St. Landry, Caddo and St. Bernard occurred, and the White Camelia, aided by the Ku-Klux, gave Seymour a majority of 47,000 in the state, East Feliciana was comparatively quiet. By a display of force, by systematic intimidation, emphasized by whipping a few stubborn negroes, twelve hundred of the legal voters were kept from the polls at the November election. The local offi-

cials had been chosen by the Republicans at the state election of April, 1868. The succeeding elections of 1870 and 1872 were comparatively peaceful and fair, and even in 1874, the year in which the White League entered upon its bloody career in many parts of the state, East Feliciana was but slightly disturbed. But at mid-summer of 1875 the revolutionary work of the league began there. The Republicans had adopted the liberal policy of electing moderate Democrats to certain important positions, judicial and clerical, instead of filling them with men from their party who were not thoroughly competent. In such cases no political pledges were required, no bargains made.

In 1870, L. N. Pitkins, a Democratic lawyer, was elected parish judge and served a full term of two years. A Republican, a white man and an old citizen, succeeded him, but he died in office, and then Governor Kellogg appointed a prominent Democratic lawyer, J. G. Kilbourn, to fill the vacancy. His commission was issued in June, 1874, and he held the office until succeeded by his personal and political friend, T. B. Lyons, who was elected by Republican votes in November, 1874, and entered upon his two years' term early in January, 1875. Governor Kellogg, in 1873, also appointed A. E. Reed district attorney, with a Mr. De Lee as attorney pro-tem, usually styled parish attorney; both of these gentlemen were old, white citizens and Democrats. About the same time another prominent Democrat was appointed clerk of court, J. S. Laniere. Thus this strong Republican parish had a Democratic judge, Democratic district and parish attorney, and Democratic clerk of court, continuously from June, 1874, to the end of the year 1876, and it was in that period that all the political violence and outrage occurred.

JOHN GAIR, THE COLORED LEADER.

John Gair was the boldest and most ambitious of the colored leaders. In April, 1868, he was elected to the house in the first reconstructed legislature, but offended his people by voting with the Democrats on a bill to pay some claim for money spent during the war. This prevented his re-election in 1870, but he regained his popularity sufficiently to be again sent to the house. In 1874 a split occurred in the Republican party of East Feliciana and Gair was not elected.

There was no election in Louisiana in 1875, but the neighbouring state of Mississippi was a vast battlefield whereon the White League was testing its power and skill in overthrowing the government of the majority and effecting, in time of peace, a forcible revolution more complete and lasting than that attempted by open war in 1861.

The Republicans of East Feliciana felt no fear of immediate trouble, had no apprehension of the coming storm, for always heretofore political violence had occurred during the campaign immediately before the election. But the White League was organized

very quietly and secretly, in June, and the Republicans knew nothing of its existence in their parish until several large clubs had been formed and armed. Then a report suddenly spread through the parish that one of the colored Republicans—Ray—a member of the legislature and ex-sheriff, living in Clinton, the court-house town, had used violent and threatening language. Several negroes in that vicinity had lately been assaulted and beaten by white men, and their efforts to secure redress and protection by legal methods were unsuccessful. Speaking of this matter, the ex-sheriff said that if he were thus attacked by white men he would defend himself. Such words spoken by “a nigger” were denounced as “incendiary” by the law-loving leaguers, and not to be tolerated. By way of rebuking his insolence some scores of mounted men rode into Clinton the next Saturday afternoon, all of them armed and cursing Ray furiously. And not only Ray but Gair and other leading Republicans, including Capt. De Gray, a white man, late of the Union army, and a citizen of the parish since the end of the war. The wildest excitement prevailed that evening—the armed riders dashed recklessly up and down the streets yelling, cursing and threatening—but no actual violence or outrage was committed beyond frightening the peaceful colored people in the town. Next morning the armed crowd increased and the threats against the colored leaders grew louder. The sheriff, also a colored man, but, like Gair, nearer white than black, appealed to the prominent white citizens to help preserve the peace. He did not attempt to summon a posse or arrest the leaguers, but begged Judge Lyons and other citizens of influence to exert themselves to allay the excitement. They did nothing. About the same time couriers were sent out with the fearful tidings that Ray and Gair had called upon the plantation negroes in the surrounding country to come in armed, and the cry soon resounded through the town that vast hordes of brutal niggers were marching in line of battle, coming to burn the town and murder the whites. The country leagues, knowing the whole plan as prearranged by their chiefs, were already assembled under arms and ready to march the moment the couriers reached them. Before sunset fully 500 armed white men occupied the town of Clinton. Guards were posted at every street corner, and pickets and patrols on all the roads. The threats against Ray, Gair, Smith, the sheriff and Clark, the recorder, were heard everywhere. Night came, but the “invading hordes of niggers marching in line of battle” never came. As soon as darkness concealed their movements, the four colored leaders quietly stole from their homes and fled by unfrequented paths for their lives. Then quiet fell upon the excited town, the clubs so lately summoned from the country for its protection rode homeward, and the noisy farce was ended.

While the tumult was at its worst, some of the leaguers seized Captain De Gray and proposed to hang him. The chief’s interceded and saved his life. He was allowed to remain, but he was

effectually silenced. The flight of the colored leaders and this removal of De Gray from political activity left the negroes without local organizers and managers. This was the object of the furious demonstration.

The White League chiefs had decreed the removal of the Republican leaders and thus accomplished it. And it was done without giving them written orders or warnings, as in the Ku-Klux times, without sending committees to give formal notice to leave. Such proofs of their action had been found troublesome heretofore when congressional investigations were made. By assembling 500 armed men under the pretense of defending the town threatened by the negro hordes, and making hostile demonstrations against the Republican leaders, they forced them to fly as the only way to save their lives. And they *knew* it was the only way. Had they remained, certain "persons or parties *unknown*" would have killed them that night. This was done in an off year, when there was no political excitement, no election pending, and the chiefs of the league boldly testified that they and their friends assembled merely to protect their homes and families, nothing else, and if Ray, Gair and others took fright and fled it only showed their guilt—proved, in fact, that they had ordered their ignorant followers from the country to come in and destroy the town. Thus, without bloodshed or open violence, the colored people were deprived of their leaders and the first step in redeeming East Feliciana was accomplished.

The leaguers by this method avoided bloodshed and direct violence in strict obedience to the rule of the order to "do whatever is necessary to carry the election and nothing more." Gair went to New Orleans to see Governor Kellogg, and urge that the state should at least try to give protection to its citizens. He remained at the capital of the state, and the chiefs of the league in Clinton began to be troubled. They suspected that Gair might secure some appointment which would require his presence in East Feliciana. It would make their task of expelling or silencing him much more difficult if he returned holding a commission from the governor as tax-collector; or, worse yet, they feared he might, through the governor's influence, obtain an appointment from the president, and Gair, the boldest of the Radicals, with a commission as an officer of the United States, would be a greater obstacle in their way than ever before.

Not knowing that Gair had the faintest prospect of such appointment, they imagined it possible—even probable—and the chiefs resolved by one bold stroke to sweep him from their path at once, when no political excitement prevailed, and in a time of profound quiet, which would give additional force to their assertion that his removal was non-political and caused only by his personal offenses. The regular term of the district court would begin early in October, and the plot formed against Gair made its indefinite postponement necessary for the convenience and safety of the plot-

ters. Just before court time, Sheriff Smith was requested to return and perform his duties, their chief object being to induce him to appoint certain of their own men deputies, who could act in his absence. Judge Dewing arrived at Clinton and opened court on the 11th of October, but the leaguers assembled in crowds—though not armed with guns. The sheriff, having appointed the white deputies, was attacked, shot at near the courthouse door, wounded and forced to fly for his life. Then the lawyers, all of them in the conspiracy, urged the judge to adjourn court *sine die*, as the only way by which a bloody *race conflict* could be prevented. "If the session continues," said the lawyers, "hundreds of men of both races will rush into town and bloodshed will be inevitable." They gave no reason, but added: "If the news goes out that court has adjourned the people will remain quiet." The deputy sheriff was thereupon ordered to announce the adjournment. Having thus cleared the ground for future operations the impending tragedy soon followed.

ALLEGED POISONING OF DR. SANDERS.

Dr. J. W. Sanders, of Clinton, was the captain of the first league formed in the parish, and was noted for his violent and intense partisanship. He was a hard drinker and had often been seen intoxicated, and more than once raging in *delirium tremens*. But these afflictions did not impair his value and usefulness as a thorough-going bull-dozer. John Gair was still in New Orleans, and his wife, having left their home in Clinton, awaited him at Baton Rouge, a large town on the Mississippi, thirty miles from Clinton. A younger sister of Gair's wife, a colored girl 18 years old, more white than black, sprightly, intelligent and fairly educated, was a nurse in the Sanders' household, a favorite with her mistress, to whom the girl was devotedly attached. A few days before the enforced adjournment of the court, this girl, Catharine Matthews, usually called by the name of "Babe," visited her sister in Baton Rouge, and, after a brief absence, had returned to her duties in Dr. Sanders' family. A little after noon on the 11th of October, the report went out through the streets of Clinton, that Dr. Sanders was dying from the effects of poison administered by Babe Matthews. Messengers rushed through the village calling physicians and proclaiming on every hand "A Radical plot! Poisoned by Babe Matthews, instigated by Gair and Ray! One of our oldest and best citizens murdered." While these fearful tidings were spreading, several doctors gathered at the bedside of the dying man. They found him somewhat ill, but able to give them a full and minute account of all the circumstances attending the pretended crime. He said that he returned home after spending a few hours in the village, entered his house just after noon, and, according to his invariable habit, stopped at the water pail to drink. He found the pail filled with fresh water, and the gourd lying ready

As he drank, Babe Matthews stood near, looking angry and savage.

He noticed her look, but said nothing—only asked his wife when he met her in the next room, if she had had a row with the girl. The wife said “no,” and then the doctor told her that Babe was about to leave. He also told the attending physicians that the instant he swallowed the water he felt intense heat, burning pain, and other symptoms of poisoning. Lest a tender-hearted reader feel needless distress, let us here mention the fact that Sanders did not die, but early next morning he was walking the street and telling everybody of his awful agonies, how intensely he suffered the previous evening, and urging them to avenge this dastardly attempt of the Radical leaders, Ray and Gair, to murder an old and respectable citizen.

From the moment when Sanders said he saw Babe looking angry while he drank, until after sunset, a period of six hours, not one of the numerous witnesses, the doctor’s personal and political friends, could give any account of her. The first trace of her is found in the testimony of J. S. Laniere, clerk of the court, who said: “I came for my mail after dark, I saw several parties with the girl in charge, was stopped and told that she wanted to make an affidavit. Don’t know whether that was the way I was accosted, because the affidavit was written out anyhow. I went to my office and it was read to her. Then I remarked that I would prefer that the affidavit be made before Judge Lyons.”

For this strange preference Laniere gives no reason. It was night and Judge Lyons was at his residence, half a mile from the courthouse, in which the parties were assembled. An important part of the clerk’s duties was to administer oaths in such cases. He expressed his preference immediately after the reading of the affidavit in the presence of the prisoner, but he neglects to say what the girl told him: does not even mention that she uttered a word. Several hours before this scene in his office, a party of men, without legal authority, had seized Babe Matthews, dragged her into the market-house and by threats and torture continued most of the afternoon, forced her to make the confession they demanded. A lawyer, Captain Hardee, wrote out the affidavit, and, when at last the unhappy girl consented to sign it, they took her along the darkening street to the clerk’s office. Then she tried to tell him the truth. She knew that he held his position by the appointment of the Republican governor, on the recommendation of her friends, and she appealed to him for help. He heard enough before the guards could stop her to make him unwilling to perform the part assigned him. He continues his statement under oath before a congressional committee: “I started off with the girl and the parties who had her in charge, and on our way to Judge Lyons she seemed very much disposed to talk with me. I told her that when she got to Judge Lyons to tell him the whole occurrence, and if she did it, I told her I wanted the whole responsibility to lay on Judge

Lyons. I did not care about listening to any of her complaints." Such is this official's account of his part in the proceedings. He does not explain what responsibility must lay on Judge Lyons, but one of his words indicates the character of the appeal made to him by the prisoner. He did not care about listening to her "*complaints*." It was not a confession of crime that she made, but complaints of injustice, and he refused to listen. And by the time he had convinced Babe that he would not listen to her complaints, the party had reached the house and entered the judge's presence.

Then the clerk goes on with his statement. He says that the affidavit already prepared by Colonel Hardee was read by Judge Lyons, but when asked if it was read to the girl he gives an evasive answer and merely repeats that Lyons read it. He does not say that the prisoner was allowed to speak, that the judge asked her any question, or that she tried to tell him anything. She was carefully watched by the party and was helpless in their hands. The affidavit was re-written, and it is said that she signed it with her own hand. It sets forth:

"Catharine Matthews doth depose and say that one week ago, or more, she was in the town of Baton Rouge on a visit to her sister, the wife of John Gair, that while there a young colored man, John George, who formerly resided in this parish, gave her some poison in a small vial and requested her to poison Dr. Sanders, saying that John George told her it was a made-up thing between her brother-in-law, John Gair, and Bob Ray, to use the poison to kill Dr. Sanders; that he told her to put it in the water for him: that she used said poison as directed and that she is sorry for what she has done; that she committed the act because John George told her that Gair and Ray wanted her to do it."

"CATHARINE MATTHEWS."

Having thus laid the responsibility upon Judge Lyons, Clerk Lanier returned to his office with the prisoner and the parties having her in charge. On the way "Babe again tried to talk with me," he testified, and added that he finally told her that "I didn't want her to speak to me in any way." And thus he left her, not in the custody of a legal officer, but watched and guarded by a party of gentlemen, a committee of citizens, though he could not tell by what authority they held her. No legal arrest was made, no warrant was ever issued for her apprehension: she was not lodged in jail, but from the hour of her illegal seizure to the hour of her death the respectable gentlemen of Clinton watched her in the courthouse, relieving each other at intervals, and keeping her under constant restraint. Not one of her own people or personal friends were allowed to see her or to communicate with her. It was to prevent this that she was not put in jail. The jailer was a colored man, and if she had been placed in his care, she could not fail to find an opportunity to communicate with her friends, opportunity to tell the truth and expose the fraud and cruelty of which she was

the victim. All through Thursday night, Friday, Friday night, and all through Saturday, the gentlemen, lawyers, clerks, doctors, took their successive tours of duty in watching that hapless girl, keeping her cut off from every friendly voice, separating her from every person of her own race, until the hour of doom arrived. Among the witnesses who came before the congressional committee were several of those gentlemen. Captain Laniere and Dr. Monahan both told the committee that they guarded Babe during the first night, and that she talked with them at intervals. But neither of them could recall to memory what she said. The doctor would only say: "Her remarks impressed me as a confession of guilt," and the captain, who was also the clerk, could only remember that she said: "She didn't think Gair had anything to do with it." Besides this, they could only give vague expressions about John George being the cause of the trouble.

Leaving Babe thus guarded, the chiefs of the conspiracy went on with their work. A deputy sheriff, with a posse of seven men, was sent off to Baton Rouge to arrest John George, the colored lad whom it was charged gave Babe the poison and told her Gair and Ray sent it. No reason could be found why those two men should entrust a mere boy with that dangerous secret, but the plotters hoped to get him in their power and then extort such a confession as they wanted. But he could not be found at Baton Rouge, and while the posse sought him John Gair arrived on a steamer from the city.

The deputy sheriff, Woodward, promptly telegraphed this information to Clinton and received instructions to wait until a warrant could be issued for Gair. Then Dr. Sanders went before a magistrate in Clinton and swore "That on the 11th of October, instant, he and *family* were poisoned by the administration *to him* of arsenic, or other poison, in water, by the hands of one Catharine Matthews; that from information of said Catharine Matthews, and by circumstances connected with said poisoning, he has reason to believe, and it is believed, that John Gair did instigate the said Catharine Matthews to administer said poison; and therefore he prayed for the arrest of the said John Gair." A warrant was issued and another deputy sent to Baton Rouge, who delivered it to Woodward on the morning of the 18th of October. Gair was arrested before noon, and a telegram was immediately sent to Clinton announcing the arrest and also the time when the posse would leave Baton Rouge. After noon the two deputies and the posse of seven men started with their prisoner, who was furnished with a horse and rode among them. About sunset they crossed the line of the parish of Baton Rouge and entered East Feliciana.

The narrow road ran through the lonely pine forest, with neither house nor field in sight. As the twilight was fading away, and the shadows of the dark pines grew darker, two prominent citizens of Clinton met them. The two gentlemen rode together in a buggy,

and passed by without speaking—then stopped in the rear, turned about, and followed slowly behind the posse. Presently a long line of armed men, mounted, and sitting motionless in their saddles, was seen extending along the roadside in the shadowy gloom of the fast-coming night. As the posse and prisoner advanced along the road in front of this array, the two extremities of the line moved forward, and bending inwards enclosed them as in a net. At the same moment several men rode inside the ring thus formed, disarmed the posse, seized the prisoner, and then ordered Woodward and his party to move on. The order was obeyed, and the posse, guarded by a squad of armed men, was taken outside the encircling line and halted. About that moment a volley of a hundred guns was heard, the captive posse was dismissed, and the formidable battalion disappeared in the darkness, leaving Gair, mangled by scores of bullets, lying lifeless and bloody in the edge of the dark pine forest. This happened about ten miles from Clinton, and an hour or two later, when the deputies and posse had just reached the town, citizens saw the dead body of Babe Matthews hanging on one of the trees in the courthouse yard, and there it remained all night and until the sun rose bringing in the peaceful Sabbath day.

It was before 8 o'clock, in the light of an unclouded moon, when this murder was committed in the center of a town of 1,500 people, yet all the witnesses testified that the murderers were utterly unknown—unsuspected—that no citizen saw the deed done. Neither could they remember who had charge of the girl on the last day of her life, or on that evening. They remembered that on the first night of her detention, Captain Laniere and Drs. Monyhan and Hall guarded her, and that other equally respectable gentlemen took their places next morning; but they could not remember anything later. So several citizens said under oath. Babe Matthews was thus deliberately murdered, the moment that the conspirators knew that Gair was killed, murdered to prevent the exposure of their fiendish cruelty and falsehood. For, if she lived, she would tell the truth, and the world would know that whatever confession she made was extorted by violence and torture. To make this exposure impossible, they kept her closely guarded until they effected their most important design, the killing of Gair, and then finished their work by hanging the girl, who, according to their own story, was the only witness against him.

Let the reader observe the strange use made of the "Strong Arm of Force" which Lyons said was for the protection of property. Not one of the magistrates whom he denounced as ignorant and corrupt were removed, the venal district and parish attorneys were not dislodged, but John Gair, a private citizen, and a servant girl were killed. A strange way indeed to reform the local government. The murder of a nurse girl and a colored man who held no office! And Judge Lyons made his wild harangue,

"A lie in every other word,"
to excuse these inhuman crimes.

THE FINAL SETTLEMENT OF THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

HAYES DID IT IN 1877.

In the spring of 1877, President Hayes withdrew the national troops stationed in the states of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida. Those were the only states in the South which the Ku-Klux and White League had not redeemed by the "Strong Arm of Force." The Republicans in those states had bravely struggled against the assassins and gave their electoral votes for Hayes. It was their courage and devotion made him president. But he, when thus elected, withdrew the slight protection the presence of the soldiers afforded and allowed their enemies to resume absolute control.

This was announced as a triumph of statesmanship. It was said that the final restoration of peace was accomplished. Henceforth, the whole administration of public affairs being in the hands of the intelligent class—the property owners, the responsible citizens, all would be well. Our Northern statesmen, willing to be deceived, exhausted the language of Optimania in extolling the wonderful discovery in politics:

"That statesmanship wholly consists
In yielding whenever opponents insist."

Grand and glorious results were promised to flow from this policy.

1. Peace, good government, the reign of law and order and prosperity.

2. The colored man no longer aspiring to control the South, would be protected in all his rights, there would be free schools for his children and he should vote without intimidation or fear of harm.

3. The dread of Radical—Carpet Bag—nigger rule being removed, the white citizens would soon form new political parties, one of which, if not both, would be a party of progress, improvement, liberality and all good things generally.

4. This party might be called "Whig," or the "Administration Party," or the "Liberal Democracy," or the "Hayes Do as you please Party." And under the benign influence of this policy, all old things in the South would be forgotten, the bloody chasm closed, the wounds of war fully healed forever.

PROVIDED, HOWEVER: That the loyal people who saved the Union would be silent and wait quietly till all these good things came to pass.

All depended upon that. A word of doubt, or reproach, even a hint or suspicious look might so wound the sensitive souls of our Southern brethren as to spoil everything. Consequently the North was implored, whatever might happen, to remain silent. And the

wearied Nation, perplexed and sad, laid its hand upon its lips and was still.

And immediately a new series of political murders began. James Law, an intelligent colored man, believing it was peace indeed, returned to his home in East Feliciana, from New Orleans, where he had remained after he was called as a witness and truthfully described the methods of the White League. On the very evening of his return, six gentlemen rode up to his door and shot him dead as he stood beside his mother's chair.

Weber, a German citizen of Baton Rouge, where he had been tax-collector, also hoped for peace and went home from New Orleans. During the previous year a committee of Democratic lawyers, appointed by a public meeting, examined his office and reported everything correct. One of them said openly that Weber was the best tax-collector they ever had in that parish.

A few days after his return, he went from his office to his home—and while answering the greeting of his children who watched his coming from a window, he fell dead as the fatal shotgun startled the quiet street. This was the peace of statesmanship. Similar scenes occurred in other states, and the supporters of "Hayes' New Policy" whispered "Be still. Be still. We must expect, and excuse, such things. Stormy passions subside slowly. Pray, be still, be still."

In April, 1877, a formal defence of "President Hayes' New Policy" was published at Washington. The country was told: "It means the blending together of a large and influential element of both parties, and the breaking down of the color line in the politics of the South.

"Its success calls for no abandonment of the right of suffrage on the part of any class. The humblest citizen is to be protected in his rights. It has been claimed that there is a large and influential party in the Southern states who do not countenance the violence and outrages perpetrated upon the colored voters, but they are forced to look on with indifference because they have been ignored by the Administration."

Another writer engaged in the same task of extolling the "New Policy," said:

"The North looks with hope to the old Whig element in the South," and then he foretold the glorious time:

"When that old Union-loving Element shall declare itself the Protector of the rights of all men, White and Black, under the amended constitution!"

This same Prophet-Statesman, declared that the "New Policy" would secure "a hearty and generous recognition of the rights of all. The complete protection of every American citizen, in the free enjoyment of all political and private rights." There would be "A new division of parties obliterating the color line," and thus "secure to the colored man the unmolested exercise of the franchise."

Thus spoke the wisdom of statemanship, the highest wisdom of the time. When common-sense remembers all that has happened in the intervening years and considers all that is happening to-day, how silly such utterances appear—mere senseless twaddle.

The country has seen twenty-four years of political murder and fraud and lynching, till finally we see the formal denial of the right of suffrage to almost a million American citizens. Such is the harvest from the seed sown by Hayes and his weak associates.

The only excuse that can be made for these blind and blundering statesmen is found in the promises and pledges of the Southern leaders. They promised protection to the negro in all his rights, they promised fair elections, free speech and an honest, impartial enforcement of the laws. The New Policy men believed, or professed to believe, but not one of these promises were kept. The chiefs of the White League never meant to keep them. They wanted power and they cared not how it was obtained.

A SOUTH CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

Hon. Alex. C. Haskell, chairman of Democratic state committee, said, under oath:

"The militia arms and ammunition have been used in these riots, have been found in the hands of the rioters—the colored people."

When asked if he had personal knowledge of that fact, he answered:

"No, sir. * * I was only informed by the commander-in-chief."

Then Senator Merriman said:

"You got your information from the governor of the state as commander-in-chief?"

"Yes."

Senator Cameron asked:

"Do you mean to say you got the information from the governor that these arms were found in the hands of the negroes?"

"No, sir, only that they created the riots. It was only as to there being riots among them."

First he swore that the governor told him the negroes, the rioters, had militia arms, and then owned that the governor only said there had been riots among the colored people!

This same witness swore that the Republican government of the state had refused to accept white militia companies, but had armed the negroes.

"I organized one company myself and asked to have it accepted as state militia. The white organizations were refused by the governor."

As to his knowledge of this matter, he answered:

"It was either my company or another that was rejected. I must reflect. It has been several years ago. If I cannot remember, I will produce witnesses who have *information*."

It seems he continued to reflect, but he never presented the proof of his assertions. Even the witnesses who had *information* never came.

After the riots in New Orleans, La., July 30, 1866, a leading Democrat, Lieutenant-Governor Voorhees, blamed General Baird for the delay in bringing troops to the city to preserve the peace. Voorhees testified that he sent certain notes to the general warning him of threatened trouble. The last note, he said, "was sent *about noon*," and then it was "sent *between eleven and twelve*."

General Baird produced the note and presented it before the committee.

It bore date in Voorhees' own writing,
"ONE AND A HALF O'CLOCK."

ONE OF THE BETTER ELEMENT IMPEACHES A NEGRO WITNESS.

That nigger Otley swore to a lie,
A villainous, wicked and perjured lie,
When he said Bogan was in the fight
Where thirty negroes were shot that night.
I know it is false, for he went to stay
That night with a friend four miles away.
"How do I know it?" "Yes, how do you know?"
"I know it for *Bogan told me so!*"

TILLMAN.

"HE CLOTHED HIMSELF WITH CURSING AS WITH A GARMENT."

What shall be thought, what shall be said, when a society professedly christian, whose ostensible work is the proper education of the young, invites a self-confessed assassin who boldly advocates murder (if the victim is black), to come and speak in their assemblies?

Tillman, a coarse, narrow-minded bigot, who came to tell these christian gentlemen and ladies, that he helped to gain political power and office by killing American citizens—to tell them he approves of mob-violence, the lynching of men and women accused of crime, without trial, without the slightest investigation, without the least proof of their guilt.

And his ravings in defence of these monstrous crimes are cheered—applauded by these christian people!

How all this must elevate the morality of the young, who listened, how it must improve their character and make them better citizens than their elders who had no such guide and instructor as Tillman.

In speaking of the Republican government of South Carolina, which he helped to overthrow with the shotgun, he gives no facts—

merely raves about stealing everything, and the disgraceful credulity of his audience believed it all. His description of the government overthrown by violence, fraud and murder is absolutely false.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Republican government established in South Carolina under the Reconstruction Acts, was the most unsatisfactory of all in the South. The negroes outnumbered the whites and most of them were more ignorant than in other states where they were less numerous. The intelligent white citizens refused to help, and in fact did all they could to prevent the formation of a good government.

Consequently serious evils followed. Serious financial errors and frauds. Yet an examination of the new constitution formed under these unfavorable conditions shows that it was a decided improvement on the old. It was more liberal—more in accord with the spirit of the age and modern progress. Many of the laws enacted by the first legislature were of the same character, and abolished antiquated, class legislation, which had been continued from the dark ages. Outside of financial mismanagement and extravagance, there was little cause for complaint. The better class of Republicans succeeded in gaining control in 1874, and elected D. H. Chamberlain governor. His reform measures encountered strong opposition from a large faction of his own party. But won the earnest approval of many Democrats. The vast improvement in the conduct of public affairs was soon recognized by the more liberal of the old citizens, and as the election of 1876 approached, they urged a union of honest men of both parties in support of Chamberlain.

We ask the reader to note the following extracts from the conservative Democratic papers and speakers in South Carolina. They show what was their estimation of the last Republican governor of that state, whose re-election was prevented by the fraud, violence and murder which Tillman approves and applauds.

The *Yorkville Enquirer* said: "He has fought a good fight in behalf of the people."

The *Winnsboro News* said in June, 1875: "Governor Chamberlain is a necessity. He alone in the state has the power, at present, to check fraud, foster honesty and restore order."

The *Grange* said in the first year of his administration: "Governor Chamberlain is every day fulfilling the pledges made alike to Conservatives and Republicans."

The *Sunter Watchman*, June, 1876, declared that: "The movement to organize the Democratic party in this state is mainly confined to a few leaders who want office themselves."

The *Horry News* said of Governor Chamberlain: "His history as governor has been pure, unspotted and unstained."

The *Marion Star* remarked in June, 1876: "We would like to be convinced that we are wrong, but until some one shows us how

30,000 Republican majority with a leader like Governor Chamberlain in command, can be whipped at the polls, we shall not withdraw our support from him."

In December, 1875, General Connor presented this resolution at a meeting in Charleston, and it was adopted:

"We tender to Governor Chamberlain our grateful thanks for the bold and statesmanlike struggle he has made in the cause of reform and the economical administration of the government, in the preservation of public faith, in the equal administration of justice and in the maintenance of peace, and we pledge him our cordial support for the accomplishment of these ends."

The *News and Courier*, the leading Democratic paper in the state, said in April, 1875, of Governor Chamberlain:

"At the close of this first session of the legislature, we take pleasure in saying to him: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' The honest men of all parties look upon him to-day as a governor whose administration has been bold, honest and exceptionally able."

A meeting at Sumter passed the following resolution, January, 1876: "Governor D. H. Chamberlain has illustrated by his conduct, the noble ends which may be achieved by a stranger who differs from many of us in matters of political faith, but who unites with good men of all views in measures of reform, and this people will sustain him to the end."

"I honestly believe that Governor Chamberlain can do more for South Carolina than any other man." Thus wrote a Democrat, G. W. Williams, in July, 1876.

The *News and Courier* added: "The most influential bankers and merchants in Charleston hold substantially the same opinions as those expressed by Mr. Williams."

The same paper about that time, said: "Mr. Chamberlain has earned the gratitude and deserves the confidence of the whole people."

These are a few of the many Democratic indorsements of the Republican state government. All the best of the white citizens joined in this approval.

As late as July 11, three days after the Hamburg massacre, the *News and Courier* published a brief review of the governor's action. We condense the review:

"The abuse of the pardoning power has been corrected."

"The character of the officers appointed by the Executive has been improved."

"The floating indebtedness of the state has been provided for in such a way that the rejecting of fraudulent claims is assured and valid claims are sealed one-half."

"The tax laws have been amended so as to secure substantial equality in the assessment of property."

"And taxes have been reduced to 11 mills on the dollar."

"The contingent fund of the executive department has been reduced, saving in two years \$101,200."

"Legislative expenses, in like manner reduced, so as to save the people in two years \$350,000."

"Legislative contingent expenses in the same way reduced so as to save the state \$355,000."

"Public printing reduced from an annual average of \$300,000 to \$50,000."

Such is the character of the last Republican governor of South Carolina and the government of the state at the time when the malignant faction led by men like M. C. Butler, Gary, Rhett, Haskell, and the whole tribe of obscure Tillmans began their campaign of murder to reinstate themselves in power.

That faction deliberately planned and perpetrated the Hamburg massacre, expressly to cause an excitement which could enable them to force the conservative Democrats to join in their lawless work. They forced a conflict with a negro militia company, under the false pretence of outrages committed by the militia. The charges were mere lies invented by the malignants. Not one of all the many witnesses before the committee of investigation could furnish proof of any unlawful act by any company of colored militia in the state. The leading men of South Carolina were witnesses before the senate committee sent to investigate the election of 1876. They repeated vague reports, hearsay rumors, but not one of them could show proof of a single crime committed by the negro militia.

And now in the first year of the twentieth century one of the murderers and slanderers is invited to come North and defend those monstrous crimes, to approve lynching and praise the mobs that hang, shoot and burn whoever they may accuse, without trial, without proof of guilt, condemned on suspicion to horrible deaths. Yes, christian teachers of the North bring such a monster to address them and then cheer this brazen advocate of murder!

"Earth, Oh where do thy wonders end?"

OBSERVE THE DIFFERENCE.

Fraud and violence reduced the Republican vote in the South for many years. But those methods proved expensive. Besides, it was fatiguing. Armed clubs had to be maintained and the riding or midnight raids was tiresome, and these violent methods interfered with colored labor upon which the South depends for all its wealth. Consequently the Southern statesmen devised a legal or constitutional scheme to keep colored voters from the ballot-box. It is in direct and positive conflict with the National constitution, but that is of little consequence so long as our Republican congress is too cowardly to enforce its mandates. The following tables show the results of Southern skill and daring, whereby they make one voter in those states equal in political power to three or five or ten in the

North. The figures in all cases show the number of votes cast for the successful ticket. The opposing vote is not considered:

In 1892 the Cleveland electors in Mississippi received 40,237 votes, which gave that state nine votes in the electoral college. Minnesota also had nine electoral votes, but they represented more than 122,000 voters. Thus we see that in the choice of a President 40,000 voters in Mississippi were equal to more than three times 40,000 in Minnesota!

In 1894 Mississippi elected seven representatives to the national congress. The total vote polled for them was 38,031. In the same year Minnesota elected the same number of representatives, seven, the total vote being more than 150,000.

In 1896 the vote for congressmen elected was as follows in Mississippi and Wisconsin:

	MISSISSIPPI.	WISCONSIN.
First District	7,321	28,275
Second District	6,941	23,937
Third District	3,069	26,691
Fourth District	8,143	25,896
Fifth District	10,475	26,613
Sixth District	6,739	26,649
Seventh District	7,327	24,013

In the Fourth district, three Republican voters were almost equal to one Democrat in the corresponding district in Mississippi. But in the Third the difference was more than eight to one in favor of the South.

In 1896 Georgia elected eleven congressmen. Iowa elected the same number.

	GEORGIA.	IOWA.
First District	8,786	21,944
Second District	7,454	23,202
Third District	7,459	29,654
Fourth District	8,519	26,659
Fifth District	9,258	26,133
Sixth District	8,236	21,970
Seventh District	10,719	25,578
Eighth District	9,088	24,783
Ninth District	11,037	24,904
Tenth District	10,119	23,523
Eleventh District	9,141	29,601

Each of those states had thirteen electoral votes. The thirteen from Georgia received 94,232 votes. The thirteen from Iowa received 289,923 votes.

The rebels who stood guard around our starving comrades in the Andersonville prison pen have full three times the influence in electing presidents and making laws as the maimed survivors of their brutal cruelty.

In 1898 the vote for members of congress was as follows in two states, each having seven members in congress:

	MISSISSIPPI.	MINNESOTA.
First District	2,469	18,939
Second District	2,949	21,296
Third District	2,068	19,271
Fourth District	3,431	15,952
Fifth District	4,943	18,736
Sixth District	3,276	22,194
Seventh District	3,275	20,409

ELECTION OF 1900.

SEVEN CONGRESSMEN FROM EACH STATE.

	SOUTH CAROLINA.	CALIFORNIA.
	No. of Votes.	No. of Votes.
First District	3,666	21,227
Second District	6,713	23,019
Third District	7,834	22,109
Fourth District	8,189	17,111
Fifth District	6,634	23,443
Sixth District	7,506	27,081
Seventh District	7,285	23,450

LOOK AT THE VOTE FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

GEORGIA.

Date.	No. of Votes.	
1892	129,386	Thirteen Electors.
1896	94,232	Thirteen Electors.
1900	77,353	Thirteen Electors.

LOUISIANA.

Date.	No. of Votes.	
1892	87,923	Eight Electors.
1896	77,175	Eight Electors.
1900	53,671	Eight Electors.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Date.	No. of Votes.	
1892	51,638	Eight Electors.
1896	58,801	Eight Electors.
1900	47,236	Eight Electors.

MISSISSIPPI.

Date.	No. of Votes.	
1892	40,237	Nine Electors.
1896	53,800	Nine Electors.
1900	51,706	Nine Electors.

At the election of 1900, the three states of South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana had 25 votes in the electoral college. The total of the popular vote for those twenty-five electors was 152,613. At the same election, Illinois had twenty-four votes in the electoral college, but it required more than 594,000 voters to elect them. Thus we see that 153,000 men in those Southern states have greater power in the election of a president than 594,000 in Illinois.

Yet we are told that all is well. "Don't irritate the South by asking to have our constitution respected and obeyed."

A FEW EXAMPLES.

HOW THE BLOODY WORK GOES ON.

It will be said by the friends of Southern methods that violence and outrages ceased in those states as soon as Carpet Bag and Negro rule was ended. This assertion is false. There has been a constant succession of political murders since 1877, when the last vestige of Carpet Bag government was swept away.

The Chisolm massacre in Kemper, Miss., occurred at the end of April, 1877, a very few days after the extinction of the last Republican state government in the South.

In 1879 Captain Dixon was publicly shot in Yazoo, Miss., because he dared to be an independent candidate for sheriff and was likely to receive the votes of colored men. Four years later, Foote, the last of the Republican leaders in Yazoo, was murdered by a mob of two hundred white citizens while he was a prisoner in jail. Not far from the same time, Mathews, a white Southern-born citizen of Mississippi, the wealthiest man in the county where he lived, was shot in the immediate presence of the election officers, in the room with the ballot boxes, the moment after he deposited his ballot for the Republican candidates.

A few years later, Judge Clayton, Republican candidate for congress in Arkansas, was murdered while preparing to contest the election.

A colored man who was trying to discover the assassin, was killed a few days after, having disregarded the warning to desist.

In 1898 bloody scenes occurred on election day in both North and South Carolina.

"At Phenix, South Carolina, there were serious disturbances on November 8 and for several days after. The Tolberts, an old and well-known family who have been Republicans since the war, were attacked by mobs of armed men, some of them scarcely escaping alive, being covered with wounds. John R. Tolbert, head of the family, collector of the Port of Charleston, was at one time not expected to live. One of the Tolberts was a candidate for congress: and finding that the negroes were not allowed to vote for him, was making a list of those who were shut out, in order to make a legal test of the law. He was attacked and the negroes attempted to defend him. They were overpowered and the Tolberts compelled to flee for their lives." Several days of rioting followed. Two white men and twelve or fifteen negroes were shot or hung.

In that same month and year—November, 1898—the disgraceful riot at Wilmington, North Carolina, occurred.

Wilmington, the largest town in the state, had a population of 20,000, the negroes being more numerous than the whites. Reports sent out before the revolution began, "painted in deep colors the horror and peril of the situation to which negro rule had brought the city. Neither property nor life nor woman's honor

was safe," "Political corruption was rife," "Crime had increased," "The black officials were either utterly ignorant and incapable or in collusion with criminals," "The only remedy was revolution."

Observe how this language resembles that used by Judge Lyons twenty years before in another state. Not a single fact mentioned. Southern Democrats all use the same vague terms. They abhor facts.

The city government of Wilmington was overthrown by armed force. The number of negroes killed was variously reported from six to twenty, many more were wounded. Many hundreds, including whole families, fled in terror from their homes into the woods. The Republican press and printing office were destroyed. Several white Republicans were driven from the city. Among them was the mayor, the chief of police, the deputy sheriff and the United States commissioner.

Now let us look at the negro government which was thus overthrown by murder.

The mayor was a white citizen. The council consisted of ten members. Seven of them were white. The chief of police was a white man, and a decided majority of the policemen were white. The board of audit which passed on all expenditures by the aldermen had four white and one colored. The school committee was two white to one colored. Such was the Black government which the white men of North Carolina extinguished in blood, the blood of loyal, honest American citizens.

Systematic intimidation and violence carried the late election in North Carolina, by which the Democrats gained power to disfranchise the colored voters. In the legislature of 1898 there was 160 white members and eight negroes. A striking instance of negro rule! One negro to twenty white men. How those "niggers" must have dominated the whites! It was to prevent this "horror and peril" that armed clubs of whites forced the disfranchisement of colored voters. It is not negro rule that the South hates, it is the principles of true Republicanism. In Maryland this is openly avowed.

THE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION OF NEW ORLEANS ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCENES OF JULY, 1900.

"Our High Standard of Civilization" — The *Times-Democrat* calls it.

It was in the last year of the century, the nineteenth century, and a few days after the 121th anniversary of American freedom. In the hour before midnight, three policemen learned that two negroes were sitting on a step in front of a house in Dryades street, New Orleans. The three guardians of the peace promptly sought an interview. Sergeant Mora, who appears to have been the foremost, thus described the scene that ensued:

"We interrogated them," he said, "as to who they were, what they were doing, and how long they had been here. They replied that they were working for some one, and had been in town three days. At about this stage, the larger of the negroes got up and I grabbed him."

Observe that the policeman makes no charge against those quiet citizens, does not even accuse them of insolence. They answered his questions promptly and civilly. Then one of them got up. "I grabbed him," says Sergeant Mora, but gives no reason or excuse for his violence. A quiet, unoffending citizen rose from his seat and stood upright! But the protector of the city grabbed him and then continues: "The negro pulled, but I held fast and he finally pulled me into the street. Here I began to use my billet. The negro jerked from my grasp and ran. He then pulled a gun and fired."

Three shots were fired by each of the men, so the policeman said. The negro was hit, but escaped, and Mora was picked up from the street by his comrades and taken to hospital, wounded in each hand and in the hip. Another policeman pursued the negro, and fired after him till his revolver was empty and the fugitive had disappeared in the darkness.

Thus ended the first act in the tragedy, an ending quite unexpected and unusual. Instead of quietly yielding to the will of the superior Race, and allowing himself to be grabbed and beaten, this nigger, Robert Charles, jerked from the white man's grasp and actually proved himself the better marksman by disabling his assailant. This was awful. The negro must be killed. The whole police force of the city was on foot, promptly, and the man-hunt began. A few hours later, about 4 a. m., Charles was found in a small house, No. 2023 Fourth street. He knew from the moment he fired the first shot that his escape was impossible. He had shot a white man, and his own death by bullet or halter was inevitable. In any civilized community he might have given himself up to the authorities, and would have been safe from mob violence and sure of a public trial. But he knew the Southern methods, knew them well. He had read the history of hundreds of men and women of his Race—murdered by raging mobs—without trial, without proof of guilt. He knew his fate was certain, and like a brave man he resolved to die fighting his innumerable foes. A party of police surrounded the house in which he awaited their coming—waited with a loaded Winchester in his hand. Captain Day led the advance upon Charles, who, watching from his door, fired one shot, and the captain fell dead. Another shot and the next policeman was struck lifeless to the ground. The others retired to shelter. Charles was not the kind of nigger they liked to hunt. So they waited for daylight and reinforcements. When these came, Charles had withdrawn to other quarters. By that time the city was wild with excitement, and thousands of white men joined the

police in the disorderly search for the bold fugitive. As he could not at once be found, the mobs, which rushed up and down the streets unchecked by the police, assaulted negroes wherever they could be caught.

Some individual policemen tried to prevent such outrages, and helped to rescue the victims of lawless violence, but the chief and his assistants made no effort.

A young negro was arrested on Fourth street for talking too much or too loud. The charge as published in the *Times-Democrat* is vague, and it is not said that he had committed any unlawful act or advised it. Two policemen took him in charge and started towards the station on foot. A crowd of negroes followed, but did not interfere. Corporal Trenchard, of the police, met them and the blacks fled. Then he went after the prisoner and joined the two policemen who had him in charge.

"At every step he would punch him or hit him with the barrel of his pistol, while the onlookers shouted, 'Kill him! Lynch him!'" Presently the negro was thrown into an empty ice wagon. "A gang of whites climbed into the wagon and beat the helpless negro most savagely. When the wagon stopped some ten yards from the prison door, he was dragged out by the mob, two hundred strong, "beaten, punched, torn, till his face was unrecognizable," when, after five minutes of this treatment he was thrown into the prison. All this occurred in broad daylight in the streets of the greatest of Southern cities.

But this was merely the beginning.

The leading dailies of New Orleans, while they editorially condemned mob violence, published such accounts of the outrages as encourage the law-breakers to continue the brutal work. The negro Charles was denounced as a criminal, "a monster," "a fiend," "a murderer," "a dare devil," and one of the papers added that he was "a Ravisher," trying thus to excite the mob to still greater fury and prepare, in advance, an excuse for burning him alive if he could be captured. Yet not the slightest proof could be found to justify those terms. Even after his heroic death, nothing could be found to show that he had ever been guilty of a crime up to the moment when he got up from his seat on a door-step, for which the policeman "grabbed and clubbed him."

But the search for him went on. The mob and the police would probably have found him sooner if they had known he was not armed. But they made up for their failure by finding unarmed negroes in various parts of the city—men and women who could not be suspected of complicity in his actions or any knowledge of him—persons not even charged with crime—but they were black and defenceless. Read the bloody story as told from day to day. The *Picayune* thus described the situation on the second morning of the disturbance:

"Hundreds of policemen were about: each corner was guarded by a squad, commanded either by a sergeant or corporal, and every man had the word to shoot the negro as soon as he was sighted."

The mayor issued a proclamation offering a "reward of \$250 for the body of the murderer, dead or alive."

The *Times-Democrat* thus spoke of the affair at No. 2023 Fourth street when Charles first used his Winchester: "There is good reason to believe that Charles was seriously wounded, and at any event he had lost quantities of blood. His situation was as critical as it is possible to imagine, yet he shot like an expert in a target range."

And again: "His aim was deadly, and his coolness must have been something phenomenal."

But neither mob nor police found him again that day. At night a crowd of citizens gathered at the Lee monument—seven hundred white men—and the mayor of Kenner, a town a few miles above the city, made a speech.

"I am from Kenner, gentlemen, and I have come down to-night to assist you in teaching the blacks a lesson. I have killed a negro before," he yelled, "and in revenge of the wrong wrought upon you and yours I am willing to kill again. The only way you can teach these niggers a lesson and put them in their place is to go out and lynch a few of them as an object lesson. String up a few of them. That is the only thing to do—kill them, string them up, lynch them. I will lead you. On to the parish prison and lynch Pierce."

The mob followed, rushing through the streets nearly two miles, but found the doors closed and the keepers refused to open them. The leader, "His Honor of Kenner," seems to have disappeared about this time, but the mob found compensation. Near the prison was a row of second hand stores and pawn shops, which were quickly plundered.

"Everything, from breast-pins to horse-pistols, went into the pockets of the crowd. In the melee a man was shot down. Somebody planted a long knife in the body of a little newsboy for no reason as yet shown. Every now and then a Negro would be flushed somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd and left beaten to a pulp." How many suffered at the hands of this mob is not known, but at least twelve had their wounds dressed at the Charity Hospital. When the crowd from the Lee monument finished its work of plunder and violence in the vicinity of the prison, the white citizens divided into detachments and set off on the various streets looking for negroes to kill. One of these parties saw a street car on Canal street, stopped it by force, found a negro among its passengers, forced him out and after a long chase, killed him, and left his dead body in the gutter. The horrible details of this murder filled a half column of the next morning's papers. After he was shot and fell helpless in the street he was kicked, and beaten by the crowd around him. "Every few minutes," the paper says, "they would

op, and, striking matches, look in the man's face to see if he still lived. To better see if he was dead they would stick lighted matches to his eyes." When quite sure he was lifeless they left the mangled body in the gutter and with fiendish yells rushed on to find other victims. Towards morning of that same night of horror a negro named Philo, seventy years old, on his way to his regular work in the French market, where he had been employed for years, was met by a crowd of whites and shot down. He was taken to the hospital, where his wounds were pronounced fatal. One of the lawless parties that roamed at will all over the city fired into a negro cabin on Rousseau street. The inmates were asleep, for it was midnight, and one of them, an old woman, was killed in her bed.

Another, a colored washerwoman who lived on South Claibourne street, hearing one of the noisy groups passing looked out to see what was going on. She was attacked and beaten insensible. A negro, T. P. Sanders, was sitting quietly at his own door, when a section of the mob marched by; he was shot and beaten till they left him for dead.

Such were the scenes that continued day and night from Monday till Friday evening. Only a few have been told.

About 3 p. m. Friday the police learned where Charles could be found, and a house at the corner of Saratoga and Clio was surrounded. Besides the police, a great crowd of citizens assembled—among them were the good citizens who had filled the city with outrages like those described above. Charles was waiting and his rusty Winchester was in his hand.

A sergeant, Porteus, and Corporal Lally, entered a lower room and the first fell dead at the first shot, the second was mortally wounded by the next, and for a few moments no one else ventured to go in. But the crowds outside rushed wildly through the yards and passages shouting, "Where is he?" An answer came from his rifle through an upper window and a citizen—Bloomfield—one who was watching, gun in hand, to shoot the negro, fell wounded and the second shot killed him outright. The crowds fled from this dangerous ground and then bullets from rifles and pistols began to pour into the house from weapons in the hands of the hundreds that filled the streets.

"The fusilade sounded like a battle," the reporter wrote, and continues: "Throughout all this hideous uproar, Charles seems to have retained a certain diabolical coolness. He kept himself most out of sight, but now and then thrust his gleaming rifle through one of the shattered window panes and fired at his besiegers. He worked his weapon with incredible rapidity, discharging from three to five cartridges each time before leaping back to a place of safety. These replies came from all four windows indiscriminately and proved that he was keeping a close watch in every direction. His wonderful marksmanship never failed him, and when he missed was always by the narrowest margin." All this time the tre-

mendous fusilade continued from the streets, from adjoining roofs, windows and walks. And Charles replied from time to time, killing two more of his assailants and wounding two others. At last the house in which he so bravely defended himself was set on fire. The lower part was soon filled with flames and smoke. He knew the end had come and he met it boldly. Having reached the ground he rushed straight at his countless foes, fired one last shot and fell dead. Then a most disgraceful display of brutal ferocity followed. "The bleeding body was dragged to the pavement. It was shot, kicked and beaten almost out of semblance of humanity. The limp body was dropped at the edge of the sidewalk and from there dragged to the muddy roadway. More shots were fired into the body. Corporal Trenchard led the shooting into the inanimate clay. With each shot there was a cheer for the work that had been done and curses and imprecations." Finally the mangled remains were thrown in a wagon, the hideously mutilated head kicked, stamped and crushed, hung over the end. Some of the crowd wanted to burn the body and they protested against its removal. Unable to burn the body, "they poked and struck it with sticks, beating it into a condition that it was impossible to tell what the man ever looked like."

"As the patrol wagon rushed through the rough street * * * the gory mud-smeared head swayed and swung and jerked about in a sickening manner, the dark blood dripping on the steps."

During all the horrible scenes which continued day and night from Monday to Friday, of which only a few specimens have been briefly given, no honest effort was made by the authorities to protect the negroes or restrain the mob. The powers that rule that great city were willing to have the negroes taught "an object lesson," as the mayor of Kenner advised.

But when the telegraph brought news that such long-continued disorder was injuring the financial standing of New Orleans, prompt action was taken and the moment that the Better Element cried "Halt," peace instantly prevailed.

The mobs of murderers dissolved and the blood-stained assassins of innocent men and defenseless women returned to their usual haunts, boasting of their brutal deeds, safe from arrest or punishment in the bosom of the christian civilization of the Creole State.

The following items from the *Times-Democrat* may fitly close this sketch, showing the justice administered to negroes:

"Lee Jackson was before the recorder and was fined \$25 or thirty days. He was lippy around where the trouble happened, Tuesday morning, and some white men punched him good and hard and the police took him. Then the recorder gave him a dose, and now he is in the parish prison.

"Edward McCarthy, a white man, mixed up with the crowd, and an expression of sympathy nearly cost him his head, for some whites about started for him administering licks and blows with 's's and

mbrellas. The recorder fined him \$25 or thirty days. He is from New York." He had been in New Orleans three days.

The men who committed these wanton outrages, unrestrained by the authorities and unpunished by the courts, wield five times the power at the ballot box that is exerted by any voter in the North. By the unconstitutional suppression of the Republican vote, a small number of Democrats control the elections. The six members of the House of Representatives who were then in Congress from the state of Louisiana were elected by the following vote:

First District	5,422
Second District	6,802
Third District	4,929
Fourth District	4,424
Fifth District	3,382
Sixth District	2,494

In the same Congress the members who represented the corresponding districts in Illinois received from 18,000 to 37,000 votes each.

The total vote for the six members from Louisiana was less than 8,000. But then it must be remembered that the Southern voters are gentlemen, they say so at least, and have always claimed to be superior to Northern mud-sills. And every Northern man who tamely submits to this inequality does thereby confess his inferiority. And every member of Congress who does not protest against and oppose the methods which makes one voter in the South equal in political power and influence to five voters in the North is a coward or worse.

At the last presidential election, 96,368 ballots in Alabama gave Bryan the ELEVEN Electoral votes of that state.

In New Jersey 221,707 ballots gave McKinley TEN Electoral votes.

A SABBATH DAY IN THE SOUTH.

Since the white men of the South, the Democracy, regained absolute control of those states there has been a constant succession of outbreaks in which negroes are shot five, ten and twenty at a time. These murders are in addition to the numerous lynchings. In July a small affair of this kind occurred in Mississippi. A negro plot to kill whites was said to be the occasion. The report was sent out that written proof of the conspiracy was found, but it was not published. The assertion was printed after five negroes were killed. A similar story was told to excuse the killing of colored men some years ago in Louisiana. In that case investigation was made, and the written proof, when finally found, consisted of a list of names of colored men without a single word to show why it was made. It was simply a list of the colored men in that locality—not

a word about plots or combinations or anything else. And it could not be shown that any colored man wrote it.

Such was the "written proof" of a murderous plot!

"Only this and nothing more."

As late as the last Sunday in October in this the first year of the twentieth century a slaughter of colored men and women occurred in Washington parish, Louisiana.

A few days before that Sabbath day's slaughter a negro named Morris was accused of the crime of robbery with violence. It was charged that he entered the country store at Balltown—a straggling settlement—and in the absence of the trader knocked down the woman and took five dollars from the till. The woman revived, gave the alarm, pursuit was made, and Morris was found at his home four miles away. The white savages—or shall we say "Christian gentlemen?"—promptly chained him up and burned him alive!

They forced another colored man to light the fire. This proceeding was not approved by the colored people of the vicinity, and some of them protested against it. Nothing was done, however. For some years previous the negroes had held a camp-meeting every fall, and they assembled as usual at their church, in a pleasant grove, where their pastor lived in his own house near the church.

The first dispatch about the trouble stated that—

"A charge had been made that Crea Lott, of Booth, La., one of the prominent negroes in that section of the parish, was running a restaurant at the camp-meeting without a license. Under the pretense of investigating whether that was true or not, the constable started to the Live Oak church with a large armed posse. According to the whites, when the posse came near the church the negroes opened fire on them from ambush, firing from two or three different directions. None of the whites, however, were injured by this fire. They called to the negroes to surrender and demanded that Lott should be given to them.

"The negroes continued to fire from the restaurant, and as it was impossible to dislodge them otherwise, fire was set to the restaurant. When it was in flames and it was impossible for the men in it to remain longer, two rushed out—Lott and a friend. Both men carried double-barreled shot guns and both fired at the posse, killing Joe Seals and a man named Elliott, both members of the posse.

"More than 600 shots were fired back, and both negroes fell dead, Lott having his head completely blown off. The posse had been greatly increased by this time, a number of armed men coming to its support when they heard the firing. The negro preacher came to the front of the church armed with a shotgun and was shot down and killed. The posse then turned its fire on the church, which was riddled by more than 2,000 shots. The negroes broke and ran in all directions."

"In the ruins of the burned restaurant were the bodies of three negro women, and one child so badly burned that it was impossible to say whether or not they had been shot to death before the restaurant had been set fire to."

Observe that the firing from ambush harmed no one. No white man was shot until the negroes tried to escape from the burning building.

Several hundred men, women and children fled from their homes leaving their property behind.

The following statements made by two of the colored women is copied from the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, Louisiana:

"Well, sir, it was about half-past 3 o'clock Sunday evening when the shooting began. I was so frightened, and my folks were being killed around me so fast that I forgot lots of things that did happen. Yes, sir; it was about half-past 3, and my husband, my two daughters—Julie, twenty-two years old, and Katie, fourteen years old—and my old mother, Amy, Tony and her grandchildren, were all sitting in the tent. I had just put some meat on the fire, for I had to cook supper, when I heard Crea say: 'Sophie, you women get out of the way! those white men are coming.' I looked up from my cooking, and I saw a lot of men. I jumped behind the stove and my husband crawled under the bed. Crea said: 'You women look out; they are going to kill us all.' My old mother, who is seventy-five years old, ran to the door. I heard her say: 'For God's sake, gentlemen, don't shoot.' I looked up, and when I did I was blinded by a flash of light and a sharp report like thunder. I was not knocked senseless, I guess, for I remember I heard my mother scream: 'Oh Lord, have mercy upon me. I am shot.'

"When I heard her cry out I took my hands from before my face, and I saw my mother staggering over toward me. The blood was all over her face, and was spouting from her arm. In a minute more she fell over the hot stove, and when I pulled at her she slid off and fell over my knees. My daughter, Julia, had run over to me, too, and, stooping down, caught hold of my knees. By this time the men were nearly in the door, and when I saw them raise their guns the second time and start to fire I hid my face in my arms, for I thought sure they were going to shoot me this time. I heard the reports, and the powder burned my hands, but when I felt nothing hurt me I looked down at my feet. Just as I did so I felt my daughter's arms loose my knees and then I noticed her. Blood was pouring from her breast, and she was gasping. I stepped over her body, and as I did another shot rang out, and if my mother's head had been split with an axe it could not have been more torn to pieces. When I saw her lying dead and my daughter, Julie, gasping, I could not stand it any more, and I threw a blanket over my head and ran out.

"As I was passing through the yard one of the Seals boys said, 'Don't shoot that woman.' The men lowered their guns, and I ran

over across the branch. As I was running I stopped only once, and when I looked back I saw my daughter, Katie, fall. The tent was on fire, and out of the cloud of smoke I recognized my husband as he ran out and across the yard. I saw him fall, too, just as he was near the gate, and then the guns began to pop like firecrackers. Every one of the men seemed to be shooting at him, but it was only when the flames burst out and drove the smoke back that I could see his body, which was lying face down near the gate.

"While I was looking back a man aimed and fired at me. The gun was loaded with small shot, and when they struck my arms and breast it felt like bees stinging. This made me realize, though, that if I did not run they would shoot me, too, and I went into the swamp and lay down with my face in the water and mud. That's all I can tell you, sir."

Jane Connelly, wife of Parson Connelly, told the following story of the manner in which her husband met death:

The Connelly family consisted of the Rev. Connelly, his wife and two daughters, Martha and Mary Davis. They lived in a two-room frame house, separated from the church by an alley scarcely ten feet wide. This alley affords an entrance to the inclosure in which Crea Lott's tent was erected. It was in this alley that Connelly was killed. Connelly's wife described the shooting as it happened this way:

"My husband was sitting in the front room of our house. He had been out nearly all day, preaching in the forenoon and visiting in the afternoon. He had just taken off his coat and sat down to eat his dinner when we all heard shots. My husband jumped up and putting on his coat started to run out in the yard, but I told him not to go. He came back, but just then the shooting began again and he grabbed up Martha, who has the misery in her knee, and ran out into the yard. Me and Mary Davis followed. My husband ran into the alley, and seeing the men stopped. He put Martha down and he had no sooner done so than some one shot, and he fell. Several more shots were fired, and I knew they had

KILLED MY HUSBAND,

for I saw blood all around, and he lay stretched out just like a dead man. After they shot the parson I ran away. I do not know what became of Martha or Mary Davis. I have not seen them since, but I heard other folks say they had seen them."

The Connelly woman declares that her husband had no pistol.

The report continues:

"Lott was easily the most prominent negro in this section. He was a carpenter, blacksmith and farmer, and owned a fine place two miles from here. He bought his household groceries and supplies in New Orleans, and his credit was good for anything he bought. He could read and write and transacted all of his business without assistance. But it is said of him that while he associated

ith negroes, he believed himself far superior to nearly all the white people in the vicinity, and in his dealings with them was very dictatorial and overbearing. He is said to have criticized the burning of Morris very bitterly and to have suggested that the negroes ought to even up with some white man."

The number of colored people killed is variously reported from ten to thirty.

A MEMORY.

When it was announced from Washington that a committee was to visit Louisiana and investigate the election of 1876, I wrote to the chairman and called his attention to the vague charges usually made against Republicans by southern witnesses. The suggestion was offered that it might be well to ask those intelligent witnesses to state facts. If they denounced an official as incompetent, let them tell how that incompetence was shown. If they charged fraud, beg them to mention the dishonest acts, on which they based the charge. If they swore that the thieving negroes, encouraged by impunity from punishment, had forced the planters to abandon the raising of cotton, give them a chance to state by how many bales the crop had fallen off.

A few weeks later, when the committee had fairly begun its work, I read in a southern paper an indignant protest against its methods.

"The Radical senators cross-examined *Southern gentlemen* as if they were witnesses before a police court." Thus shrieked the editor, and the result of such examination was very discouraging to his friends.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

In estimating the value of southern assertion it is well to remember certain historical facts. All the world knows how Union prisoners were starved in southern prison pens, knows that thousands died of starvation. In all the history of the world no event or fact was ever proved by a greater multitude of eye-witnesses—witnesses numbering tens of thousands. Yet all southern leaders have denied it. Davis and Stephens said our comrades died of mere sickness! Most of the others assert that the prisoners were fed as well as the resources of the South allowed.

Yet these same men declare that Sherman's great army lived in the country as it marched through Georgia, the state in which 2,000 loyal soldiers in the Andersonville prison pen had starved to death within the year. Southern historians, like Pollard of the "Lost Cause," wrote that the Yankee soldiers destroyed more food than they consumed. They mention the vast herds of cattle driven away, the millions of bushels of sweet potatoes destroyed, and the extensive fields of corn in which the cattle were turned at night. With all this abundance of food at hand our comrades died of starvation. And the leaders throughout the South have constantly denied the truth.

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